

The Critic

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Published weekly, at Nos. 18 & 20 Astor Place, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 25, 1886.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, by Chas. Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Taintor Bros. & Co., E. P. Dutton & Co., Brentano Bros., and the principal news-dealers in the city. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. (Old Corner Book-store). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Washington: Brentano Brothers. Chicago: Brentano Bros. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli. Rome: Office of the Nuova Antologia.

Dion Boucicault.

MR. BOUCICAULT, who has been playing in 'The Jilt' in London, has declared his intention of returning to America and staying here. The country pleases him, and he is pleased to think he pleases it. Before departing, he gave to young dramatists (through *The Pall Mall Gazette*) some more or less valuable hints on the writing of plays. It will not be long before his familiar face will be seen again in the streets of New York. The occasion is an indifferently good one for some remarks on his prolonged career.

If there be something in Mr. Boucicault's talent recalling those ingenious pieces of mechanism which are only set in motion by dropping a coin through the aperture, it is not because money is, or has ever been, his chief incentive to literary activity, but because the wonderful dramatic clock-work which he has spent so many years in contriving and elaborating has always owed its first start to some suggestion from outside—a verse of a poem, a chapter of a novel, the scene of a foreign play. This lack in invention and the curious vanity which has led Mr. Boucicault to make efforts to disguise it, have wrought him so much harm in critical opinion that those who believe him to be a man of consummate and extraordinary ability have, in a measure, to apologize for the faith that is in them. Yet he has qualities which distinguish him from all living dramatists. Augier, Dumas, and Sardou sit in the French Academy. Each of them has devoted his best work to psychology. Each has essayed the pictorial drama, Augier in the manner of Pigault Lebrun, Dumas in that of his father, Sardou in that of the Italian historians. Where they have failed, Mr. Boucicault has succeeded; where they have succeeded, he has failed. None of the four has placed much reliance on his invention. None of them has hesitated to use such materials as he found at hand. They have been content to stamp their individuality upon the characters which they created. If, then, merely as painters of character a comparison were to be instituted between the Frenchmen and the Irishman, it would not be to the disadvantage of the latter. Dumas has announced that his favorite hero, his type of perfect manhood, is Olivier de Jalin, of the 'Demi-monde,' a rake who makes professions of reform, 'un gaillard qui fait le Joseph,' and who tricks, lies, and seduces in order that he may outwit an adventuress. Sardou—a much more reputable practitioner—points with particular pride to his gentler heroines, whom a foreigner would at once pronounce to be stuffed with sawdust. Emile Augier confesses his weakness for the Bonhomme Poirier, that worthy prototype of Middlewick the buttermilk and Doublechick the soap-boiler. If Mr. Boucicault had put no other personages on the boards than Jesse Rural, Shaun the Post, Parson Blount in 'Jessie Brown,' Money Penny in 'The Long Strike' and Salem Scudder in 'The Octoroon,' his gallery of stage-traits would have been unrivalled.

In the days when he wrote 'London Assurance' and 'Old Heads and Young Hearts' he was merely learning his busi-

ness. Yet even then he showed the possession of a gift which no English playwright but Sheridan and the younger Colman had possessed before him. That was his faculty of presenting what might fairly pass for a picture of manners before he could have had the least opportunity of studying the ways of the world. So far as his biography is known he was hurried, like other clever boys, through a Dublin school and a London University, and then the town suddenly rang with the crack of Lady Gay Spanker's whip, and 'Mr. Charles Mathews announced the piece for repetition amid tumultuous applause, which was only interrupted by calls for Mr. Lee Morton, the author, who was led forward eyeing the enthusiastic multitude with considerable nervousness.' Here was a young man who, at nineteen, was not only familiar with the works of every English dramatist from Congreve to Foote, but who seemed to have a thorough familiarity with fashionable London life, to have owned a box at the opera, to have sauntered in the Park, to have driven coaches to Ascot and Goodwood, and to have enjoyed his bottle of sherry and his game of hazard at the club with all the gust of a Major Pendennis. In the same way that Sheridan, after strolling for a month down Milsom Street, and drinking a few glasses of mineral water at the Pump Room, was able to produce what for a century has been accepted as a representation of Bath life, Mr. Boucicault evolved from a severe course of Aristotle and Quintilian what the playgoers of forty years have been fain to consider an excellent burlesque on London society. It was easy enough to boil down what he had read and remembered, and to see that what was his own had a peculiar and an inimitable flavor. When 'Old Heads and Young Hearts' was produced, his juvenility was more apparent. The straining after epigram was more painful. 'What is virtue?' 'The strength in a bottle of salts.' 'And vice?' 'A fault in horses.' 'And religion?' 'A pew in a fashionable church.' 'I trust, Charles, you don't swear—I mean in English,' says Lady Pompion. 'Apropos, Charles,' cries the Earl, 'you'll find in my room a list of the doubtful ones of our party, so that you may know where to lose your money at Crockford's.' These are the mere husks of satire. Cleverness was leading the young playwright astray. There were bits of pathos in Jesse Rural which proved him capable of much better things.

Mr. Boucicault was nearly fifteen years in discovering where his real talent lay. During this period he produced more than a score of plays, but none of them was of much account. At one time he seemed to think he was naturally fitted to represent the monsters of fiction, and he personated a Vampire in London as he afterwards personated Nana Sahib in New York. It was the success of 'Jessie Brown,' which turned his thoughts in the right direction. He began to perceive his capacity for tender sentiment. It was a pretty incident, that of the beleaguered garrison saved by the Highland girl's quick ear for her native slogan; but nobody could have handled it so daintily as Mr. Boucicault. 'Look at me, Jessie,' cries one of the characters as they lie at death's door in the fortress, 'do you not know me?' 'Nae,' she says, 'but I ken a bonnie song, a song of Scotland; it's made o' heather and blue bells, woven in a tartan, and it is so gladsome that it makes me weep.' 'I hope,' says the playwright with unwonted timidity, 'that the reader may find I have not injured the beauty of the original tale.' In his heart he knew that he had struck a bonanza, and he proceeded to work the sentimental vein with excellent results. There are few things in dramatic literature better than the auction scene in 'The Octoroon.'

The same strain runs through all the Irish plays and has given them their enduring popularity. If anybody thinks that by close application to the French stage and the use of a judicious pair of scissors, he can produce a play one fiftieth part so good as 'The Shaughraun' or 'The Colleen Bawn,' it might be worth his while to try. What Mr. Boucicault has infused into its composition is the quality

that lends its charm to his acting. His Conn, Shaun and Myles na Coppaleen are youthful replicas of his Kerry and Grimaldi, and though the latest generation of playgoers has not seen him in the last-named part—the part of an old actor, who had played with Talma ('I had but two words to say; *oui, messieurs*, two words only; but when he speak, I tremble; as he proceed, he grow before me large, grand, géant. My cue arrive. I have no word. Terror choked me')—yet competent critics say that he entirely surpassed Edmond Got as the prompter of 'Adrienne Lecouvreur' and the late Alfred Wigan in 'The First Night.' What Mr. Boucicault has achieved in the mere matter of dramatic construction only his fellow-craftsmen can appreciate. In 'The Colleen Bawn' the entire plot is expounded in the first five minutes, and the ground is cleared in masterly fashion for the episodes which form the attraction of the play. In 'The Long Strike' there are four acts, divided into twelve short scenes. The employers sit in council and the workmen bring their list of complaints. 'It's not so big as the Magna Charta,' says Noah Learoyd, 'but on it a million of men do take their stand.' The complaints are rejected: the keynote of the drama is struck. A murder is planned; Jane Learoyd throws away the letter which is to serve for wadding; a pistol is left by chance on her table. When her lover is arrested the proofs are overwhelming; she knows that a sailor who can prove his innocence is sailing from Liverpool; she is taken to the telegraph office and finds the line closed; in the midst of her agony the machine begins to click, and the line is opened; the sailor gets the message, jumps overboard, swims to shore, and, appearing in court just as the jury are delivering their verdict, hurriedly gives his evidence, and the curtain falls on the reunion of the lovers. Nothing more rapid and at the same time more clear has ever been seen on the stage. They say that Mr. Boucicault cannot do it now. Truly, there were no signs of it in 'Rescued.' There has grown a taste for analytic dramas of the class of 'Frou-frou,' and herein the author of 'London Assurance' has little skill. But there is still reason to hope that a writer of his ceaseless activity will not finally lay down the pen until its full half-century of brilliant work shall have come to a close.

Reviews

"The Story of Spain."*

THE writing of the successive volumes of the Story of the Nations Series has usually fallen into happy hands, but into none happier than those of Dr. E. E. Hale and his sister. To them, as by right proprietary, has fallen 'The Story of Spain,' a subject congenial individually as well as gregariously so to speak; for already several of the famous 'family flights' have been into Spain and Mexico, and certainly no American writers are better prepared in knowledge and style than they to hit the popular taste on this subject. 'The Man without a Country' has at last found one. This time the brilliant and varied scenery of the Peninsula spreads out before him; and along with it, its complex civilization of Celt, Roman and Arab, its myriad vicissitude of history and poetry, its 'linked sweetness' of conquest and usurpation 'drawn out' through long generations, and its apparently endless succession of great men, great navigators, great queens, great and ever-dissolving political organizations. Dr. Hale has chosen to treat his subject in an eminently clear way; or perhaps he could not help doing so, constitutionally; and as we pursue the 'story' as he draws it out, in orderly sequence, part by part, conquest by conquest, the story of Spain seems no longer a world of political débris, a series of cataclysms and catastrophes, a broken and perpetually interrupted utterance; on the contrary, the sequences seem natural, even inevitable, the many sides of the picture

—one usually invisible while we are looking at another—melt into one vast harmonious tableau, and at the end of the book we have the sense of completeness, of historic continuity, illumined at every point by excellent grasp of the subject, wide vision, felicitous illustration and unfailing liveliness.

How many 'popular' historians (so-called) have sunk their artesian shafts hundreds and even thousands of feet into the history of Spain without ever reaching water! while others, with only a surface-scratching, contrive to draw forth delightful refreshment, floods inexhaustible of anecdote and romance, a perennial spring of good things. Dr. Hale and his sister are artesian engineers of the latter class: the story of Spain flows and trickles for them in sparkling abundance; they mingle fact and romance, exact dates and poetic embellishment, in judicious measure; and the result is a book light yet full, accurate yet quick in movement—one of the best of the remarkable series of which it forms the seventh volume. The history of Spain naturally resolves itself into six parts: the Celt-Iberian, Carthaginian, and Roman occupation, dating from prehistoric times through the Scipios, Sertorius, Pompey, and Julius Cæsar, to the Goths; from the Gothic to the Arabian conquest; the Caliphate of Cordova up to the fall of Grenada; the rise of Mediæval Spain from Pelazo to Ferdinand and Isabella and Charles V.; from Charles V. to Napoleon through the Philips and the Bourbons; and, lastly, the Nineteenth Century in Spain. Along all these lines the present work extends, easily and lucidly, leaving the reader in little doubt as to the direction followed and the results reached. No story, national or individual, is more stirring than that of Spain: none is capable of more inextricable entanglement in the hands of a bungler; none throws out its salient angles in bolder relief when treated by the hands of a competent historian. This little book—little when we consider the gigantic theme—grapples victoriously with its many-headed hydra; and, though it may err occasionally (as on page 395, where it speaks of the little princess Maria de la Mercedes, eldest daughter of the late King, as reigning, or as when it leaves the German name (Die Giralda) affixed to an illustration, it is by far the best popular history of Spain that we possess.

Dr. Hedge's "Hours with German Classics."*

IN his youth Dr. Hedge went to Germany. He was one of the first of American students to seek the wisdom of that then—to us—little-known land. It was a rich experience, and gave him breadth of culture and of mental horizon. At an early day he published his 'Prose Writers of Germany,' which had a great influence in calling attention to the vast riches of German literature. That work served a special and very important purpose, with its appreciative biographical notices and its extended and judicious selections from about two dozen of the greater German authors. Dr. Hedge has also made frequent translations from German poetry, especially from Goethe; and his renderings have been felicitous and accurate. Later on, he became the Professor of German Literature in Harvard University; and he there trained many students for finding the beauties of this rich treasure-house of expression. At last, in his old age, and after the burdens of the day have been laid aside, he gives to the public the lectures he was wont to read to his students. They are marked on every page with indications of the purpose for which they were originally prepared. They are discursive, popular, interesting and suggestive. They do not grapple with the largest problems of philosophical criticism. Dr. Hedge studies individual authors rather than German literature as a whole, even though he has devoted several chapters to the special phases of that literature. Very pleasant are his talks about the great masters, as they proceed in a somewhat gossiping

* The Story of Spain. By Edward Everett Hale and Susan Hale. \$1.50. (Story of the Nations Series.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* Hours with German Classics. By Frederick Henry Hedge. \$2.50. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

manner, detailing much that is very entertaining, but also frequently failing to deal adequately with topics of the largest meaning. These chapters afford delightful reading, and the lectures from which they are made must have been delightful to listen to; but we long for a more penetrative insight and greater energy of thought. Dr. Hedge's book is quite the opposite of Scherer's in purpose and method. It may serve as a helpful introduction to that masterly work, by preparing the reader for its more philosophical and scholarly methods. Where Scherer is strong, Dr. Hedge is weak; but he furnishes pleasanter reading and a more personal point of view. It is true that he is frequently philosophical and acute in his criticisms, showing a vigorous mental insight; but the truths he presents are isolated, and do not relate themselves to any large and comprehensive interpretations of the subject in hand. His book furnishes too much matter already familiar to students, and provides too little of that comprehensive historical criticism which helps us to see the inner causes of the great movements of mental activity. Good translations have already made studious persons so far familiar with German literature that much of detail, very useful to college students, could have been profitably omitted. Such reiterations of facts, however, have their importance; and every time the facts are repeated a new set of readers is reached and profited by them. The stamp of such a mind as Dr. Hedge's brightens the details of history and of literary biography, giving them new illumination. We are glad to have his work, for it will serve a good educational purpose, and prepare the way for actual contact with the masters of whom he writes. It has nothing of the worth of such criticism as that of Carlyle or even that of Matthew Arnold; but it serves a more humble office with a promise of good results.

Stockton's Stories.*

FRANK STOCKTON is fast becoming an American 'institution.' The inventions of this fortunate writer are happily not patentable, and cannot be reproduced by anybody except their author and originator. Otherwise we might be flooded with spurious imitations, *joaillerie française, diamants de Paris*, or Californian diamonds. Nothing is more remote from a real jewel than a rhinestone. Nothing is like Stockton—except the 'genuine article.' Even before the famous dilemma 'The Lady or the Tiger?' was presented, an individuality of pronounced type had announced itself; a writer who wrote like nobody else, an inventor whose Psycho actually *did* win wonderful games, and was no mere automaton, came upon the scene and took complete possession of a unique corner of it. It was not that any marvelous genius had suddenly blossomed: Mr. Stockton himself would be the first to laugh at such an idea; but a writer of ingenious power, of odd originality, of quaint prepossessions, was here, and he soon came to make himself distinctly known.

The character of Mr. Stockton's genius too is peculiar, no less than that genius itself. So far as these short stories are concerned, the living dot in each egg of them is not a character-delineation, a train of psychological entanglements bedevilled and followed out to their thinnest extreme, or a careful and loving study of contrasts and juxtapositions in human experience. Their originality consists rather in some incident by itself, some by-play or odd catastrophe, some anti-climax reached by the 'stairway of surprise,' some flash in one's face or spurt in one's ear as unexpected as the flash and spurt of the invisible fountains in the famous garden near Genoa. And the fun of the situation is in the sudden flash and irradiation of human character amid these startling surroundings, the bursts of temper or laughter emitted by the actor or the sufferer, the odd freaks of conduct superinduced by the situation. Thus, the result

of such work is to a certain degree inartistic and abrupt: the artist—or the *prestidigitateur*—is too quick for us: in the twinkling of an eye or a finger, he has us in his clutches; and we come in the end to look upon him as we do upon those Japanese artists who perform with incredible agility before our eyes feats that seem superhuman but which, when analyzed, are found to have a very human foundation. Accordingly, What next? is the question we ask ourselves when a new story or a new collection of stories by Frank Stockton is announced. He has come to be the terror of all the intellectual old maids and staid literary people that hate a surprise. To them he is the literary Bad Boy incarnate, whose 'disobedience' is simply Adamic and whose 'first transgression' is being perpetually repeated in the magazines.

Series I. of these Memoirs of a Bad Boy—whose naughty pockets have at last been turned out to the public gaze, jack-stones, 'taw'-marbles, and all—contains several of Mr. Stockton's most successful stories: 'The Lady or the Tiger?' 'The Transferred Ghost,' 'The Spectral Mortgage,' and 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.' Series II. contains 'A Christmas Wreck,' 'A Borrowed Month,' 'A Tale of Negative Gravity,' and other felicities whose titles alone are strokes of genius. The easy colloquial style of these stories is not the least of their charms, and the ingenuity with which they are swiftly and deftly wrought out keeps the reader ever on the alert. Mr. Stockton to our mind fails deplorably in his love-scenes. Comus and not Cupid is his god, and plays him delightful tricks in 'Our Story' and 'Mr. Tolman,' where everybody but the writer is grinning at the catastrophe long before it occurs. 'The Blindness of Authors as to their Plot' is a fit subject for research, and one to which even Mr. Stockton might pay some attention; while the vanishing-point where ingenuity passes into genius might fill a chapter in the New Metaphysics, and illustrate a new intellectual growth on this side of the Atlantic. Greek subtlety translated into modern terms becomes Yankee ingenuity, and the Lost Tales of Miletus become — Stockton's Short Stories!

"Hannibal of New York."*

'HANNIBAL OF NEW YORK' is, as its title seems to indicate, a story of strategy and hard fighting in the region of Wall Street and of the matrimonial market. The modern Hannibal (St. Joseph) comes upon the scene rather late in his victorious career. He has met with a reverse and got heated. He is well on in manhood; has buried one wife, who leaves a daughter (Constance) to figure as a sub-heroine in the story; and has bought a second wife, young, handsome, poor when he finds her, and distressed. The cause of her distress he supposes to be ill-treatment by her relatives. Into this ill-treatment she has begged him not to inquire too closely. But when they are married, and he has gone back to his stocks and schemes, he takes a run down to Avon and learns that the story of ill-treatment is an invention of his wife's. She had left her home, changed her name, and sought a marriage with him for the position his money would give her. This is the height and depth of her offence, as he understands it. It is an offence which should count for much among well-regulated people; but our Hannibal is not a well-regulated person, and with him it should indicate the importance of letters of recommendation on the part of young persons who apply for situations as wives in monied establishments. Hannibal failed to ask for letters, took instead the recommendation of a pretty face and a graceful figure, and so found himself taken aback. She sought him for his money, and caught him, he thinks, on his weak side. He prides himself on exposing but little of that side to the enemy. As a speculator he is unaccustomed to being caught, and he is therefore dreadfully chagrined.

* The Lady or the Tiger? The Christmas Wreck. By Frank R. Stockton. 2 vols. \$2.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* Hannibal of New York. By Thomas Wharton. 50 cts. (Leisure Season Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

'Very good,' he says to her; 'you've roped me in; you've caught me, and got the better of me.' And so he determines to have his revenge. And this is his plan of campaign:—

I ain't going to get a separation from you, and settle you down to get fat on alimony—no, damn it, I know a better trick than that. You married me for money, and the marriage you shall have, but no money. You're to be my property; you've got good enough brains and I've bought them. You are my wife. You are to represent me, and by G—, you'll find me a tough constituency. We're goin' to get into society some day, when Conny grows up; till then, you'll keep quiet. When I want you I'll call for you. Dress as my wife ought to, drive as my wife ought to, live as my wife ought to—but remember that I foot the bills. You never touch a penny of all you spend. From this day on you shall never know what it is to have a dime of your own. I'll be your taskmaster—what! your taskmaster. I mean you to feel that you never can charge a dollar to my account but what I'll know it. I mean you to feel that you can't buy a petticoat too much but what I'll take the worth of it out of you.

One would suppose the punishment to be greater than the offence, considering the bargains made daily in the matrimonial market. Hannibal has clearly got a wife of fine personal charms and social ability, worth, even in his own estimation, quite as much as he has paid for her. As he is still completely in the dark as to her real offence, which, in the eyes of society, is many times deeper than he imagines, we see at once what a dreadfully wicked person he is. He carries out his plan of operations to the letter: makes his wife suffer, which delights him; makes his daughter suffer, which irritates him. A chamber of horrors is uncovered such as one expects in R. L. Stevenson and in the French novel of society. Hannibal holds himself quite up to his own standard of hardness and brutality; and the novelist holds poor Mrs. Hannibal—who is more sinned against than a sinner—quite up to the limit of wifely torture.

But there is plot within plot; for another speculator, of stronger tossing and goring powers, comes upon the stage. Hannibal isn't a circumstance to Cradge. Cradge is deep, astute, powerful, and very bad. But he is Hannibal's friend, and Mrs. Hannibal's 'friend,' and so much the friend of the young lady Hannibal that he wishes to contract a politic alliance between the two families. All the intricacies of plot by which he brings this about, and, in so doing, does also something else, are to be discovered by the reader, not unravelled by us. The course of the story is not always clear; the transitions from scene to scene are not always made obvious. One cannot run and read, but most occasionally re-read—a thing easy to do, if one is willing, in the sweet autumn time, to be pitched neck and heels among horse-jockeys and kitchen wenches, or placed by fashionable dinner-tables which should be set in the stable. The atmosphere throughout the book is one of the market and the race-course. Fast trotting, hard drinking, 'tall' betting, varied with matrimonial gambling and family infelicity, are what one would expect from Hannibal's plan of campaign, as already quoted. The art of the writer is perhaps shown in this accumulation of social malaria, as also is shown his intimate knowledge of speculative circles. The book is a well-written satire on life in some circles of Vanity Fair.

Minor Notices.

PROF. WILLIAM H. PAYNE'S 'Contributions to the Science of Education' (Harpers) is a sign of a movement in the right direction. The author holds the professorship of 'the science and the art of teaching' in the University of Michigan—one of several chairs of this sort lately established; and his book shows that the deeper and fundamental principles of education are nowadays receiving the study they deserve. His chapters proffer many useful hints and stimulating thoughts on a variety of educational themes; and not infrequently he refutes the arguments of more famous men, as when he disposes of Herbert Spencer's fallacy that the

education of a child should follow the evolutionary education of a race. But the author's own pages remind us very clearly that education is after all an art, not a science, as the title-page would have us believe. They are discursive, disconnected, fragmentary; their tabulated statements will be challenged and rearranged by the first educational scientist that takes them in hand and substitutes a brand-new 'science' of his own; while, indeed, Prof. Payne himself clearly and ably shows that the teacher's success depends on his personality more than upon his stock of scientific laws. So long as such important departments of educational work as religion, history and political economy, for instance, are not fairly to be called sciences, why pretend that education itself is one? We have wondered, while reading this in some ways excellent and valuable book, why it is that educational treatises are so dull and hard to read, even in the hands of those who are enthusiastic teachers. There are not ten first-class works of the sort in the language.—A TINY pamphlet entitled 'History, Rules and Regulations of the Penny School Savings-Bank,' compiled by J. H. Thiry (Long Island City: *The Star*), contains the germ of a valuable idea, well worth the attention of the public. The plan of establishing small banks in schools, to encourage economy in the young by inciting them to the practice of it, originated abroad; but it has been tried here, in the public schools of Long Island City, with gratifying results.

MR. GLADSTONE'S recent pamphlet on 'The Irish Question' has been promptly reissued by the Scribners in an authorized edition, price ten cents. It is strong, clear, readable, neatly ingenuous and yet rhetorically discreet, all of which is but saying that it is thoroughly Gladstonian. No speech-maker or pamphleteer of his time understands better than Mr. Gladstone the rhetorician's art of making the most of his own side, while refusing to furnish his opponents with arguments. Part I. shows how the Home Rule idea developed in his mind and found gradual expression; Part II. tells why that idea should and will finally conquer. Mr. Gladstone's title-page text is a neat answer to the charge that he either jumped at a conclusion or had trickily concealed his plans: 'When the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come.'—A NEW and much improved edition of Clara Erskine Clement's 'Handbook of Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints as Illustrated in Art' has been published by Ticknor & Co. The present edition is edited by Katherine E. Conway, and is published in a manner befitting the subjects. The illustrations are numerous, well selected and finely executed. The book is one of great convenience as a guide to the symbolism of the church and to the lives of the saints. It furnishes much helpful information for many readers of history, travels and works on art. The numerous editions which have appeared testify to its popularity. Those who consult it will find it carefully edited and its information trustworthy.

MR. H. E. KREHBIEL, the accomplished and conscientious musical critic of the *Tribune*, has published through Novello, Ewer & Co. a 'Review of the New York Musical Season of 1885-86.' The bulk of this handsomely printed volume is made up of Mr. Krehbiel's contributions to the *Tribune*, and the readers of that journal as well as others will be glad to get them in this form. The season under review was perhaps the most important in the musical history of New York, and Mr. Krehbiel is the person most competent to discuss it. No American interested in music can afford to be without this admirable and impartial record of a noteworthy season.—MR. G. H. WILSON has attempted, in his 'Musical Year-Book' (George H. Ellis), to do for Boston what Mr. Krehbiel has done for New York, but on a much smaller scale. His book seems to be ex-

haustive, but it is the barest record of facts.—F. O. JONES, of Canaseraga, N. Y., is both editor and publisher of 'A Handbook of American Music and Musicians,' containing biographies of well-known musicians, foreign-born as well as native, and sketches of musical societies, schools of music, music-publishing houses and firms devoted to the manufacture of musical instruments. Its omission of any reference to the American Opera Company is probably due to the fact that it was prepared, as we discover from a statement on page 40, in 1883. Revised and brought down to date, it would be a valuable reference-book.

London Letter.

AT LAST Mr. Anderson's 'Catalogue' has been issued by the Trustees of the British Museum, and the literature of art and archæology is the richer by a good book. The full title is a 'Descriptive and Historical Catalogue of the Collection of Chinese and Japanese Paintings now in the British Museum;' and it answers the description exactly. It is descriptive, and it is historical, and that in the right sense of the words. To the most of us Japanese art is decorative or nothing. Outside its ornamental quality and significance, it is a jungle of incomprehensibilities; and a picture-book by Yō-sai, or a set of sketches by Tanyu, is no more intelligible to us—is as unmeaning and unsuggestive to us—as the Salon Carré would be to a fresh-caught Japanese or an errant and uneducated Bahoo. Mr. Anderson does an immense deal towards the removal of our difficulties. Here, almost for the first time, is a complete and authoritative account of the several schools of Japanese pictorial art, from its legendary beginnings in the Fifth Century of our era to its latest and newest developments in the hands of Kiō-sai and Hiroshigé, the last lights of the Ukiyō-yé Riū, the popular school whose most famous master is the incomparable Hoku-sai. Of these the Japanese amateur recognizes eight in all:—the Buddhist, the Yamato-Tosa, the Chinese, the Sesshū, the Kano, the Popular, the Shijō or Naturalistic, and the School of Ganku. Each is guided by special rules, and dominated by peculiar traditions, all of which Mr. Anderson has been at the pains to analyze; and each has been illustrated by the practice of a great number of masters, most of whom Mr. Anderson has taken care to name and date. Had he done no more than this he would still have done much; for it is not so long ago that Japanese art was supposed to be composed entirely of picture-books, and to begin and end with Hoku-sai, and when the fact that painting in Japan was considerably older than painting in Europe, and that Kanaoka and Tenjin Sama were renowned practitioners long ages before the coming of the Van Eycks, had not occurred to the ingenious Western mind. Mr. Anderson, however, has done much more, and gone much farther. Remembering the time when the Japanese picture was beggared of all but a purely æsthetic significance to his own perceptions, and when he himself in presence of a representation of (say) the tremendous single combat of the giant Benkei and the hero Yoshitsuné was even as our friend the uneducated Bahoo before a Rubens allegory or in the Stanza of the Vatican, he has enriched his work with an amount of illustrative material that makes it nothing less than path-breaking and epoch-marking, considered as art-criticism, and considered as mere literature, a mine of legend and tradition. Thanks to him, indeed, and to the copious and sustained analysis of motives presented in his book, it will be henceforth possible for him who runs to read into a Japanese picture at least as much as is necessary to enable him to understand its literary import.

A good example is his treatment of the subject of the Buddhist School, which has a history over ten centuries long, and which has from the first provided the Japanese with pictures always significant and moving to the religious mind, and sometimes—as when they were the work of Chō

Densu, the Japanese Angelico—expressions of genius as well. On a certain number of the Buddhistic subjects he does not think it worth his while to expatiate; but there are others which are of primary and special interest, and of these he tells us much. First in order come the Shichifuku-jin, the Seven Gods of Good Fortune: Fukuroko-jin, lord of the ultra-Shakspearean forehead, the god of wisdom and long life; Daiko-ku of the mallet and riceballs, who is the genius of prosperity; Ebisu the fisherman, the protector of the industrious poor; the fat friar Hotei—Hotei of the ample wallet and the noble paunch—Hotei the friend of the children, the personification of ease and content; Bishamon the war-god; Benten the sweet singer, 'the goddess who governs or distributes riches, from whom proceed all wisdom, eloquence and victory;' and the sage and well gowned Ju-rō-jin, patron of scholars. Each member of this quaint and kindly group—in which, we are assured, are represented the four elements of Brahmanism, Buddhism, Taoism and Shintoism—is storied and described with a particularity that makes plain to us the meaning of a thousand representations; while enough is said of the Sixteen Azhats, and of the Tiger and Dragon in whose company two of them, Bhadra and Panthaka, are always found, to make us decently familiar with them also. Equally useful and specific are Mr. Anderson's account (after Eitel) of the Five Species of Rishis, and his list of the principal among them and the emblems by which they are known; his catalogue of the tribes of the Demons; and his notes on Sākyamuni, Amitabhā, and the Bōdhissatva Kwanyin; and these are supplemented by a vast deal of descriptive and illustrative stuff contained in that part of the 'Catalogue' itself which has reference to the Buddhist section of the gallery. As this comprises close on a hundred and fifty pictures, scarce one of which but gives occasion for comment, it will be seen at once that the sum of information conveyed is very considerable indeed. If I add that the whole collection comprises some three thousand seven hundred several works—Japanese, Chinese and Korean; that the same fulness of treatment is carried throughout the book; that Chinese and Korean art are discussed as well as Japanese; and that the work is crowned by a catalogue of signatures fifty-six columns long, I shall have said, not indeed enough, but as much as my space and the scheme of this letter will permit.

The Academy row goes on; but, so far, all attempts to interest the public in its purpose and its details have failed conspicuously. In *The Times*, Mr. Holman Hunt is still unburdening his soul in vain, and 'R. A.' and 'An Outsider' are still fighting for the mastery; Mr. Harry Quilter has taken up his testimony against the Royal Academy Schools in *The Daily News*; and in *The Pall Mall Gazette* the word is now with the President and now with bands of somebodies of the type and size of Mr. Frank Miles. Thus far, I am sorry to say, the honors of the fray are with the Academicians: they know what they want, and what they mean to do, and they seem to me to be better masters of their weapons than any of their opposites. The President, for instance, writes almost as well as he paints; while for good, stinging, hard-headed, straight-hitting controversy, commend me to the gentleman who signs himself 'R. A.'! That anything will come of it but bad blood and ill-feeling is what I do not believe. The public is the one umpire in the game; and the public declines to budge. Its indifference is complete. The campaign, as it has seen, has been conducted from the first with an absolute contempt of logic on both sides; and it will hasten to the exhibition of 1887, as it hastened to that of 1886, without bestowing a thought on all the works of all the 'outsiders' that breathe, and neither rejoicing in their presence nor caring two-pence for their absence. It is too much to say that the rebels will fare the worse for their revolt; but it seems certain that to foreign masters the President and Council will mete out even more rigorous justice than ever. One result of the controversy (at any rate) has been to show that my suspi-

cion with regard to Mons. Rodin's rejection was correct, and that his work was sent into the cellars not, as one high in authority is said to have declared, because the artist's name was not recognized, but on its merits. Mr. Armitage, a highly respectable pupil of the highly respectable Delaroche, has gone out of his way to relate, in a letter to *The Times*, that Mons. Rodin's 'Idylle' was refused by reason of its intrinsic badness. He has not seen the work himself—he confesses it; but he knows that in Paris Mons. Rodin is called 'the Zola of sculpture,' and he fails to see why a man who has only won one medal, and that a third class, and whose productions are 'too realistic and coarse even for the strong stomach of the French public,' should be admitted as 'an honored guest' to the chaste and decent exhibition selected by Mr. Calder Marshall. It is not the point that Mons. Rodin could only be called the Zola of sculpture by those who have neither read a line of the one nor seen a thumb-stroke of the other. The point is that Mr. Armitage, an Academician of many years' standing, should rush into print at second-hand, and write himself down an art-critic of the worst and silliest type on information received from somebody else, which somebody can only be an anxious friend of Mr. Calder Marshall. It might have occurred to him that in this case the public would demand better assurance than Bardolph's—that it liked not the security. But it did not; and this is all the more to be regretted inasmuch as up to this point his share in the correspondence had been distinguished both by good temper and good sense.

The one thing novel in the dramatic line is the 'Run of Luck' of Messrs. Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris. Of course it isn't a play. An ill-conditioned critic once remarked of Wagner's opera that it was indeed a combination of all the arts,—or rather of all the arts but two, Music and Drama; and the description, if you stretch it a little, may easily be made to take in 'A Run of Luck,' the attraction at our 'national theatre.' Mr. Harris gives you scenery, dresses, actors and actresses, live horses, crowds, pantomime, an abundance of dialogue—everything but drama; and as his audiences approve, and his critics signify that they mean well by him, he is found wise in his generation. The heroine is Miss Alma Murray, the Beatrice of Mr. Furnivall's adaptation of 'The Cenci,' an actress beloved of all them that go to Browning Societies or services for the worship of Richard Wagner. How 'changed beyond report, thought, or belief' is her present case I don't need to remark. As for another novelty which you were pleased to discuss in a recent number—the production, by Mr. E. J. Henley, of a new play this winter by Messrs. W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson, I am able to say that the project has returned to the Limbo whence it sprang, and that these authors remain as remote as ever from the object of their legitimate desires.

H. B.

LONDON, September 4th, 1886.

An Autumn Idyl.

THROUGH the golden grain she goes,
Radiantly fair;
Upon her forehead, flower-pressed,
Celestial youth and beauty rest,
And Night lurks in her hair.

The waving fields that heeded not
Camilla's footsteps fleet
Were not more lovingly caressed,
More deftly touched, more lightly pressed;
Than these beneath her feet.

She sings, and Twilight's fading face
Assumes a brighter glow:
'For me the Summer comes and goes
As lightly as the wind that blows,
And no less free from woe.'

O lovely girl, ere Time has filled
Thy halcyon days with pain,
Treasure the flowers the seasons give,
Gather them soon,—they cannot live
Through Winter's frost and rain.

WILLIAM B. GRIFFING.

Joaquin Miller's First Protest.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Please concede me a little space to answer a very serious charge made in your paper against my recent book 'The Destruction of Gotham.' Your critic calls my work, the latest of fourteen volumes, 'a loathsome story.' But as he makes no quotations at all, nor undertakes to tell how or in what way it is made a loathsome story, I beg, since he has failed to do so, to put in one or two random selections from my book. Bear in mind, my publishers are gentle and refined men. All my publishers in all countries, so far as I have ever known, have been gentlemen. But the publishers of the Standard Library of New York I have always found peculiarly careful and nice about what they put before the reading public. And to say that they are capable of publishing 'a loathsome story,' is to do a wrong that ought to be set right. But here is a random thought from this so-called 'loathsome story.' It is about a little child which has fallen asleep in its weary mother's arms and is suddenly awakened.

Where had the tired little soul of this sweet child wandered to all this time? Had it gone back to God. Gone back to the other side of the great mystery? Crossed the mighty river on whose banks we all lie down to rest when worn and wearied beyond endurance upon this earth? Ah! mysterious and terrible is death—this going out of the soul to the untold Somewhere: this leaving the tired body to never return any more, forever and forever! The mystery of death is terrible! But the mystery of sleep is to me still more impressive, awful, miraculous; this coming back of the soul from the unseen Somewhere is to me far more miraculous than all the dreadful going away: the mystery of death! I can only conceive that, when very weary, we come to the very shores of the River of Death! I think that when our feet touch the waters of oblivion we are overtaken by what we call sleep. The soul then leaves the body and goes out on the great river, voyaging up and down, and, maybe, far on toward the other side; and then, when well rested and refreshed, it comes back to the waiting body by the river brink, possesses it again, and again, and so goes on for another day, with another great lesson of life. And finally, when wearied and worn unto death, the body lies down by this same great river of oblivion for the last time, and the soul goes out and on as before; only this time never, never more to return to the toil, the trouble, the hard lesson of life. Surely the river of Sleep and of Death are the same. Surely there is a glorious, all-glorious shore on the other side. And surely that is the reason no one ever comes back who has been so tenfold fortunate as to land there after having been compelled so many times to come back from this same river of dreams and of cool, comfortable death, to the dreadful lessons of life.

And 'The Destruction of Gotham' is filled with these thoughts. True, it is largely about the poor. But there have been better people on earth than either I or the author of this strange criticism, who were of the poor, yet not 'loathsome' entirely.

But strangest of all, your critic tells the world in two separate statements that I blow up the city and the people with dynamite. I assert that the word dynamite is never once used, nor is the city blown up or anything of the sort. So that in this at least the criticism is absolutely false. And a witness who is false in one thing is false in all under the law. Let me say that this is the first time I ever attempted to reply to anything said of either myself or my work. But when a great paper like yours states that which is utterly untrue, it is my duty to my publishers, if not to myself, to implore you to let me point out the untruth.

'The story is an inexcusable record of horrible things,' cries your furious reviewer. In conclusion let me say, in

all candor and all kindness, that if the whole book contained a single paragraph as 'loathsome' as any one of the half dozen paragraphs which make up this notice of my book, it would never have been published. But the work was carefully and scrupulously performed. I wrote it at the request of some of the purest and noblest people on earth, and in the interests of 'The White Cross.' And whatever may be the fate of my last and least book, I shall to the day of my death be proud of what [it] holds. With sincere regret at being compelled to say so much, I am yours,

JOAQUIN MILLER.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Sept. 9th, 1886.

[We reprint below our review of Mr. Miller's book; comment seems hardly necessary. An intelligent public may be trusted to its own discrimination in rereading the notice. It will be seen that Mr. Miller is mistaken in saying that we accused him of using dynamite in his novel: we simply said he taught that 'we shall come to painful destruction in this world.' Following this, we give a comment of our own, that the threat of physical punishment is the lowest form of appeal to conscience; using dynamite as our own figurative term for the sort of thing which Mr. Miller metes out to his guilty city. We should not have been far out of the way, however, if we had supposed Mr. Miller meant dynamite. His 'destruction of Gotham' for its sins was at the hands of a riotous mob, maddened by their wrongs, who sacked and burned the houses of millionaires, and then sacked and burned the city. The dynamite was our own, as the review shows, 'painful destruction' being the only phrase used of Mr. Miller's own work; and we suppose Mr. Miller will hardly resent the implication that the sacking and burning of a city is 'painful destruction,' if not dynamite. Since Mr. Miller is so anxious for exact truth, why does he speak of our having given his novel half a dozen paragraphs, when we gave it but one? It is a compliment to the pithiness of the sentences that each one impressed him as a whole paragraph; but since 'a witness who is false in one thing is false in all,' let us be exact, even in counting paragraphs.]

Mr. Miller reproaches us for not giving quotations to justify our criticism of his work as 'loathsome.' One does not generally quote largely from work that one considers loathsome; to do so would be to repeat Mr. Miller's own fault—the needless dwelling upon unwholesome matters. He himself selects a paragraph of graceful reflection, which it is evident he would like the world to accept as a type of the book; but does he suppose that the Sunday-school superintendent who might be induced to buy the book on seeing this one selection from it, would consider after reading it, that this single page about a pretty child's falling asleep outweighed the fifty pages of unwholesome description by which this pretty child's existence was accounted for, before it fell asleep? Ouida has written magnificent paragraphs that would shine like stars in literature, if they did not shine through such a dense fog of miserable and distorted atmosphere as to lose all their beauty. We were careful to give Mr. Miller credit for having written from good motives; it was only to express our disbelief in the methods by which he expects to promote virtue, that we handled his work severely.]

'Hence these pages,' explains Joaquin Miller, in a dramatic effort to apologize for writing so loathsome a story as that which he calls 'The Destruction of Gotham' (Funk & Wagnalls), on the plea that he does it to work a high moral cure. The story is an inexcusable record of horrible things; inexcusable, because although the author explodes in highly moral exclamations of dread at the things which he does not hesitate to dwell upon, the tendency of the book is not to rouse the reader to an heroic and holy crusade against evil, but simply to make him shudder at the hideousness of the book, and begin a possible crusade against such evils as it chronicles by throwing the book itself into the fire. As nearly as we have been able to penetrate its purpose, the moral of it seems to be, that, unless we mend our ways, we shall come to painful destruction in this

world, without waiting for retribution in the next. It is a very poor motive to hold up to human nature, that unless it is good it will be blown up by dynamite. As for the mending of our ways, comparatively few of us have any such ways to mend as are recorded by the author; and those who have, we should think quite beyond any hope of reform, even by being frightened with a threat of dynamite. Such books as this spread more harm than reform; they make no one better and they might make many worse.—THE CRITIC, August 7th.

"The Main Line."

THE new American play, 'The Main Line,' written by C. de Mille and Charles Barnard, and presented as the opening piece of the preliminary season at the Lyceum Theatre, is a work of positive though not exalted merit. It has a fresh and breezy quality which harmonizes well with the wild mountain district in which the scene is laid, and it contains episodes which are essentially dramatic, differing widely in this respect from the ordinary border drama of the period. The story is a simple variation of a very old theme, that of the rustic maiden, innocent as the wild flowers and sturdy and rugged as the rocks amid which she has been reared, who wins the heart of a travelling artist, and excites ferocious jealousy in the breast of the rough lover to whom she had been practically betrothed before the arrival of the fascinating stranger. In this case the first lover is a brakeman at a small way-station in Colorado, and the railroad machinery is made to play an important part in the progress of the plot. But the dexterous use of this material does not constitute the real excellence of the play, although it elicits the loudest applause from those heedless spectators who never look beneath the surface. The situation at the end of the third act, where the audience is led to expect a fearful collision, which is averted only by the self-sacrifice of the heroine, who prefers to doom her lover to instant death rather than imperil an express train, is admirably conceived and developed; but the dramatic crisis is in no way strengthened, is indeed weakened, by the necessarily imperfect imitation of the crash of the falling car. The interest centres in the conduct of the heroine, not in the fate of the hero, for no one, of course, supposes that it is he who will be killed. The act derives its real value from the simple and natural pathos of the girl's terrible dilemma, and the ingenuity of the method by which her mental anguish is suggested rather than expressed. The use made of the telegraph is extremely felicitous. The heroine, in her capacity of operator, receives a dispatch that summons her artist lover to marry another woman, and is obliged to read it to him as the words come from the wires. The terms being ambiguous, he supposes her to be in ignorance of their meaning; and, while each syllable is a death-blow to her hopes, she is compelled by womanly pride to preserve outward calm. The whole of this episode is very touching and effective. The following scene, in which, in sheer desperation, she pledges her hand to the brakeman as the only means of preserving her lost lover's life, is an ancient expedient, but is introduced logically and naturally. The catastrophe, already referred to, with which the act closes, is a thrilling culmination, even if it does come perilously near to anti-climax; and it is likely to give the piece a long lease of life.

There are conspicuous faults as well as virtues in 'The Main Line.' The scheme of construction betrays inexperience and often outrages probability, while the comedy element is very weak, and occasionally in bad taste. It is not necessary, however, at this time, to dilate upon these shortcomings. The performers, with one painful exception, are all competent. Miss Etta Hawkins, who plays the heroine, knows little more than the rudiments of her art, but has a pleasing personality and strong theatrical instinct. She exhibits little subtlety, of course, but her vivacity is genuine and her pathos very simple, girlish and unaffected, if not profound. In moments of defiance she appears to

especial advantage. Her success is indisputable. Mr. J. B. Mason acts uncommonly well as the lover, and Mr. F. F. Mackay, Mr. Ralph Delmore and Miss Dora Stuart all acquit themselves creditably.

Magazine Notes

IN AN interesting article on 'Homer and Recent Archæology,' in *Macmillan's* for September, Percy Gardner holds that enthusiastic diggers need not expect to unearth any actual specimens of the works of art described by Homer. He gives critical and reasonable reasons for believing that in his marvellous descriptions the poet was not looking at a genuine shield, but giving rein to his imagination. 'Capping Verses' is a capital short story of quite original type. A very sensible writer attacks Hero-Worship; and another, dealing with 'The Terrific Diction,' aims a blow at Swinburne.—The *Nuova Antologia* for August 16th has a long and interesting paper by G. Biagi on Tullia d'Aragona, a celebrated beauty and poet of the Sixteenth Century. Some autographs of the Princes of the House of Savoy, from the beginning of the Fifteenth Century down to the present day, are described by A. Cionini. A short but discriminating article on Liszt is contributed by Enrico Panzacchi. De Gubernatis continues his account of Indian travel, and an ex-diplomat writes of the new European alliances. 'Michele,' by G. Zanella, is a poem translated from the English of Wordsworth.

The Magazine of Art for October (Cassell) opens with a criticism of current English exhibitions. A paper on the Old Charterhouse, where Col. Newcome was a pensioner, and a chapter on the inlaid Saracenic metal-work of old Venice, are very good. 'Some Royal Academy Scandals' tells the story of Gainsborough's famous quarrel with the Royal Academy. Some spirited bits of coast-scenery well illustrate the letterpress of Cullercoats, the English village which gave Winslow Homer many of his best subjects. 'The Romance of Art' tells the story of La Bella Simonetta, the original of so many of Botticelli's women. She was a noble lady of Florence, beloved of Giuliano dei Medici. The paper on Paul Baudry is fully illustrated. Especially good is the reproduction of the bust of Baudry by Paul Dubois.—*The Portfolio* for September has for its frontispiece an admirable etching, by G. W. Rhead, of Botticelli's 'Venus Reclining, with Cupids.' It has quite an old-master quality. The article on pomanders—old scent-boxes—is well written and well-illustrated. A full-page mezzotint by E. P. Brandard reproduces Rembrandt's 'Tobias and the Angel' at the National Gallery. Excellent drawings accompany the paper on 'Sussex Ironwork of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.' Cosmo Monkhouse writes of Luca della Robbia. The illustrations of this article are very good, and the photographure of the Annunciation is a fine piece of work especially noticeable for its delicacy. (Macmillan.)

The Antiquary for September (Francis) contains much curious information. Arthur Folkard's paper on 'The Multiplication of Surnames' is full of interest. Irish pedigree-hunters will find satisfaction in the perusal of the paper on the O'Meaghers of Skerrin. T. Fairman Ordish writes entertainingly of the old Blackfriars Theatre. The antiquarian notes form a department of value to the specialist and of interest to the general public.—*Book-Love* for September opens with a paper on Bewick's 'History of Quadrupeds,' describing the various editions for the benefit of collectors. 'A Lost Author' treats of the schismatic Priscillian who was beheaded in the Fourth Century. His writings are supposed to be lost, but recently discovered manuscripts in the University Library at Würzburg are said to give full accounts of them and of his life. A paper entitled 'Where is Alcuine's Bible?' appears to cast doubt on the accepted belief that the famous Bible in the British Museum is the one presented to Charlemagne by his in-

structor, Alcuine. 'Practical Hints on Book-Collecting' is a useful paper which tells us that 'all Aldines and Elzevirs are by no means valuable, though the tyro usually believes the contrary.' (Francis.)

The Lounger

MAURICE THOMPSON has, I understand, just consented to deliver a course of lectures on literary and scientific subjects at the Vanderbilt University, Nashville, which will probably be repeated at several other Southern and Western colleges this winter. I don't know of any literary man who works harder than Mr. Thompson, yet he finds more time to play than most workers; indeed, he is as well known as an out-of-doors man as he is as a writer of books, and there is no higher authority in the country on certain phases of out-of-doors life. His wife and daughter share his tastes, and it is said that Mrs. Thompson can pull as long and as strong a bow as her husband, and can handle the reins with exceptional skill; while his daughter keeps pace with her mother's trotter on the latest improved tricycle.

THE *Paris Gaulois* has recently published a complete guide to the holiday retreats of French authors, and an account of the summer habits of MM. Theuriet, Cherbuliez, Meilhac and others, down through the list. Not even President Cleveland on his honeymoon and summer vacation has been more the victim of the Paul Prys of the press than have these unhappy authors.

AN INDUSTRIOUSLY circulated paragraph relates that Mrs. Custer has spent the summer in town, in her flat in Gramercy Park, hard at work on a new book. I don't think I ever read so short a paragraph with so many mistakes in it. Mrs. Custer has not spent the summer in town, and she does not live in Gramercy Park. She lives in East Eighteenth Street, and her parlor windows, instead of 'giving' upon a green park, overlook the cobblestones of Third Avenue. Instead of the twittering of birds, she hears the whistling of the engines that rush over the Elevated Road. Just now Mrs. Custer is at work on her book—taking notes from an old colored woman who lived with her in camp, on the plains and in Kansas, and who is blessed with an exceptionally good memory. She remembers things that her mistress had forgotten, but which her vivid descriptions bring to mind again. It is a pity Mrs. Custer can't tell some of these stories in old Eliza's own language: they would be as amusing as Uncle Remus's.

WALTER CRANE'S new book for children is called 'A Romance of the Three Rs.' I wonder if the Rev. Dr. Burchard has furnished the letter-press to Mr. Crane's illustrations. Or were that gentleman's three R's too stern a reality to be called a romance?

IT DOESN'T take much to make *The Saturday Review* mad. When we beat the English in a yacht race, we are tricksters; and when American gold is offered by a generous resident of the United States for the establishment of a free library in Edinburgh, *The Saturday*, in one of its 'slashing' articles, calls the donor 'Citizen Carnegie,' and taunts Edinburgh for even considering the gift of a man whose pen is steeped in treason—a man who dares, having been born under a monarchy, to express the sentiments of a democrat. If Edinburgh accepts this gift, it howls, it should be as a 'sin offering.' *The Saturday* growls and shows its teeth; but they are not very dangerous looking: constant gnashing has worn off their sharp edges.

A *Star* reporter has interviewed the Rev. E. P. Roe, and describes him as resembling 'a Cuban planter' rather than 'the author of the novels which have entered into thousands of American homes.' Mr. Roe is apparently a modest man, but like many other men—authors included—he inclines to think that what is meat to him must be meat to every one. He is in the habit of writing from immediately after breakfast, which he takes at about eight o'clock, until lunch is served, and from lunch again until three or four o'clock, when he takes a walk. So he declares the proper time for walking or other exercise to be after one's daily work is done, not before it is begun; and he condemns writing at night as 'a bad practice, and one that I rarely indulge in.' Unless he is misquoted, 'a writer's work at night is almost always morbid.' But this is not so. The least

morbid writings in the world are those that fill the editorial columns of the morning papers, and they are nearly all written at night. Many writers, too, can work better after a long walk than before it. Mr. Roe should not dogmatize.

THE shop-windows are filled with lithographs of the popular French actress, Mlle. Marie Aimée. Portraits of Mlle. Aimée have adorned the shop-windows for many years past. She was our favorite Helene; and where was there ever a prettier Parfumeuse or a more enchanting Perichole? We filled our albums with her photographs and spent our dollars to listen to her lively prattle. But that was Aimée in French. The portraits that now adorn the shops are carefully labelled 'Aimée in English'; but as far as the pictures go, I think Mlle. Aimée looked about the same in French as she does in English.

Carlyle's Sneers at Lamb.

[Manchester (Eng.) City News. Report of Meeting of Manchester Literary Club.]

MR. ALEXANDER IRELAND read a paper 'On certain harsh remarks upon Charles Lamb by Thomas Carlyle.' He said the life of Lamb, that morally strong but physically weak and sensitive being, was a memorable exemplar of genius and goodness, self-sacrifice and love, sweet and stinging humor, joyful kindness and patient endurance. His whole existence was an act of love, an offering of faithful and grateful affection, which gave all it had and felt it could not give enough. [The essayist here read a brief account of the Lamb tragedy.] About this man Carlyle used the following expressions in his 'Reminiscences,' published soon after his death. 'Charles Lamb and his sister came daily, once or oftener; a very sorry pair of phenomena. Insufferable proclivity to gin in poor old Lamb. His talk contemptibly small, indicating wonderful ignorance and shallowness, even when it was serious and good-mannered, which it seldom was, usually ill-mannered (to a degree), screwed into frosty artificialities, ghastly make-believe of wit, in fact more like "diluted insanity" (as I defined it) than anything of real jocosity, humor, or geniality. A most slender fibre of actual worth in that poor Charles, abundantly recognizable to me as to others, in his better times and moods; but he was Cockney to the marrow; and Cockneydom shouting "glorious, marvellous, unparalleled in nature," all his days, had quite bewildered his poor head, and churned nearly all the sense out of the poor man. He was the leanest of mankind, tiny black breeches buttoned to the kneecap and no further, surmounting spindle legs also in black, face and head fineish, black, bony, lean, and of a Jew type rather; in the eyes a kind of smoky brightness or confused sharpness; spoke with a stutter; in walking tottered and shuffled; emblem of imbecility bodily and spiritual (something of real insanity I have understood), and yet something too of human, ingenuous, pathetic, sportfully much enduring.' These painful sentences are from the pen of an author of universally admitted gifts of the highest order—a man of noble sincerity, heroic courage, and keen mental vision, of profound yearning after goodness and truth, an inspirer of high purposes, with an imagination and power of word-painting in his own peculiar sphere greater than any recorded in our literature—perhaps the most penetrating intellectual and ethical force of our century. This man with all his limitations and shortcomings and inconsistencies, his volcanic outbursts of intolerant and overbearing arrogance of opinion, possessed deep down in his nature a kindness and tenderness of heart, and a commanding sense of justice which often tempered and softened his severest utterances. Were this tenderness of heart and sense of justice clouded over when he wrote the sentences about Charles Lamb? His contention was that when Carlyle wrote them, the grotesque side of Lamb's character, the regrettable phase of him, was alone present; that he did not remember, nay even perhaps never knew, the precise facts of the sad domestic tragedy of the Lamb household—the brother's noble self-sacrifice and consecration of his life to his sister—a life-long act of heroism, silently and uncomplainingly borne, which no one would have been more ready if he was fully aware of it, to regard with reverent pity and sympathy than Carlyle himself.

Had he been ignorant of these facts during the lifetime of Lamb and his sister, it might be said that he could no longer have been so after the appearance of Talfourd's 'Final Memorials of Charles Lamb,' published in 1848, and in which the story was fully revealed. The book was widely read at the time, and it was difficult to suppose that Carlyle had not seen it. But it could easily be imagined that a book relating to one in

whom he felt no interest, and whose genius he could not understand, might have been ignored by him, particularly as he was then wrestling with the 'Condition of England Question,' which afterward found vent in the 'Latter-day Pamphlets.' But it might be further objected that if he had ignored Talfourd's work we had it on record that he had read Barry Cornwall's 'Memoir of Lamb,' published in 1866, the same year in which the remarks under notice were written, and in which the story was retold. Mr. Procter sent a copy of the book to Carlyle, who, after reading it, wrote to the donor praising him for the admirable manner in which it was written, and using these words, 'I have found in your work something so touching, brave, serene, and pious, that I cannot but write you one brief word of recognition, which I know you will receive with welcome.' Mr. Ireland then showed by a comparison of dates that Carlyle had written the remarks about Lamb six weeks before Procter's book was published, and contended that had Procter's 'Memoir' appeared a few months earlier, the sentences would have been very different from what they are, for Carlyle, with all his violent prejudices and contemptuous dislikes, had at bottom a tender heart, vibrating with deep sympathy for human suffering.

Illustrations were given in proof of Carlyle's sympathy with the misfortunes of others, and the essayist continued:—'Elia's Essays,' to a mind like Carlyle's, must have been a sealed volume. Elia's peculiar humor and fantastic ways of regarding men, books, and things must have been mere foolishness to him. He never felt, nor was he capable of appreciating, Lamb's peculiar humor. This is amply confirmed by a remark made to a friend who, in course of conversation with Carlyle, asked him if he liked Lamb's humor. 'Humor! He had no humor.' The friend mildly submitted that Lamb had humor. 'You are mistaken,' said the rugged literary Viking, who could only appreciate humor of a robust type than that of poor Lamb. 'It was only a thin streak of Cockney wit. I have known scores of Scotch moorland farmers who, for humor, would have blown Lamb into the Zenith.' Perhaps the most important inquiry was whether Carlyle intended the harsh and unjust words he had written about Lamb and others—written merely as an occupation and for his own private satisfaction—to be made public, and forever perpetuated in print. The essayist had had the privilege of examining the manuscript of the 'Reminiscences,' and he found appended to the text of the paper entitled 'Jane Welsh Carlyle' the following solemn words: 'I still mainly mean to burn this book before my own departure, but feel that I shall always have a kind of grudge to do it, an indolent excuse; "not yet; wait; any day that can be done;" and that it is possible the thing may be left behind me, legible to interested survivors—friends only. I will hope, and with worthy curiosity, not unworthy. In which event I solemnly forbid them, each and all, and warn them that without fit editing, no part of it should be printed (nor, so far as I can order, shall ever be); and that the fit editing of perhaps nine tenths of it will, after I am gone, become impossible. Saturday, 28th July, 1866. T. C.' In the face of these words, was it just to Carlyle to print the article referred to in full? How was it that Carlyle's biographer, whose name stood on the title-page of the 'Reminiscences' as editor—with his uncompromising views as to his duty of keeping nothing back—had suppressed this solemn memorandum, evidently written with an earnestness and deliberation designed to secure implicit obedience to his expressed wishes—coming back to us almost like a voice from the grave at Ecclefechan? These words, be it noticed, were not added years after when his memory might be failing or less accurate but on the very day when he had closed his sad, yet wonderful narrative—a narrative containing so much that we must believe he never intended or would have sanctioned appearing in print after his departure. Near the conclusion of his noble essay on Burns, Carlyle says:—"In pitying admiration he lies enshrined in all our hearts in a far nobler mausoleum than one of marble." Are not these words as applicable to Charles Lamb as to Robert Burns? That he should nowhere, either in his works or his published correspondence, have left on record a single sentence of pity or sympathy for poor Lamb and his sister, is the strongest evidence that he never was fully aware of, or never had present to his mind at the time of writing, the facts of that tragical history. In conclusion he (Mr. Ireland) would ask, after giving due weight to all he had said in explanation, he would not say vindication, of what Carlyle had written about Lamb, Do you consider my contention wanting in coherence and probability? Does it hang together, or is it a failure? If it is a failure, then, to the admitted imperfections of Carlyle's nature must be sorrowfully added another—greater

than all the rest—and that was a callous insensibility to a signal case of human suffering in one of its most painful forms—suffering bravely borne throughout a life-time, with uncomplaining resignation, and in a spirit of reverent and humble submission.

Mr. Milner said he had been deeply moved by the fine apology made by Mr. Ireland both for Lamb and Carlyle. He was glad that he had succeeded in throwing fresh light upon a matter which was a cause of pain to all lovers of Charles Lamb. He knew nothing in literature that had given him greater grief than those words had done when he first read them. It was difficult to forgive the harsh insult which had been heaped upon the head of the most lovable character in our literary history, and it was some satisfaction to find that, if Carlyle's editor had done his duty, it was probable that these words would have never seen the light. Nothing could justify the suppression of the note referred to by the essayist, and it was much to be regretted that Carlyle's memory should be traduced through the incompetency or neglect of his editor.

Mr. H. M. Acton thought that Carlyle never intended what he had written about Lamb for the public eye, and he therefore hoped that Mr. Ireland would see his way to making his vindication as widely known as could possibly be done, both in the interests of Carlyle's admirers and of literature generally.

Mr. John Mortimer could not agree with the conclusions at which the essayist had arrived. The paper was eloquent and the judgment between the two men was finely balanced, but he was not convinced. Those who were acquainted with the literary history of Carlyle knew that this was not the only instance in which he had spoken disparagingly of Lamb. Some sneering remarks were uttered as early as 1831, and it was almost absurd to suppose that between that date and 1866 Carlyle had not become acquainted with what was familiar to every tyro in English literature. Those details had become public property long before Carlyle penned his final piece of criticism. The fact was that Lamb's was a nature which could neither be appreciated nor understood by Carlyle. He was deficient in that sympathy which would have enabled him to appreciate a genius so utterly opposed to his own as Lamb's was, and to that extent—and it was a very serious one—his nature was imperfect. Lamb understood Carlyle better than Carlyle ever understood him, and his essay on 'Imperfect Sympathies' read as though it might have Carlyle for its subject. The two natures were utterly antagonistic. Carlyle judged Lamb from conversations with him and about him, and not from his writings. There was not a single reference to the essays of Elia in the whole of Carlyle's productions, and these talks with others about Lamb would necessarily deal largely with his moral character and his little peccadilloes in the matter of gin. It seemed sorrowful to him that in these literary criticisms we should always be asked to look so closely at a man's moral character. This moral standpoint was largely a mistaken one. We should judge a man by what he has left behind him, not by his deviations from arbitrary standards while in the flesh. Taking his writings alone and basing our conclusions on them, we should not find a more charming, more tender, more lovable soul in all our literary history than was Charles Lamb. Carlyle had forced a comparison to his own disadvantage. No greater contrast could be afforded than between the letters of the two men—the irritability and impatience of the one, arising often from no more serious cause than dyspepsia, and the delightful humor of the other, coming up to the surface from a sorrow of a much deeper kind.

Mr. Ireland, in reply, said that he was aware of the earlier disparaging remarks by Carlyle on Lamb, referred to by Mr. Mortimer. They occur in his private journal, under date 1831—three years before Lamb's death—and are given by Froude, who doubts whether Carlyle at that time knew the facts of the Lamb tragedy, which, for Lamb's sake, was kept from the public. Whatever might have been his estimate of Lamb as a humorist—and we know it was a contemptuous one—he (Mr. Ireland) could not believe Carlyle capable of speaking cruelly of him as a man, had he fully known the tragedy of his life.

Current Criticism

CRITICS AND SMALL SHOPKEEPERS.—Mr. Frederic Harrison has written to remonstrate against a statement contained in the last number of *The Saturday Review*. He has also, without waiting for a withdrawal or reassertion of the criticism to which he objects, denounced in a letter to *The Pall Mall Gazette* the passage in question by the rude and offensive term of 'an untruth.' 'The passage,' he adds, 'is apparently a distortion of a remark of mine in *The Fortnightly Review* made in March, 1867. But neither there nor elsewhere have I ever published

the opinions set forth in the passage above cited.' Mr. Harrison has probably republished the article of 1867, for the description of his opinions in *The Saturday Review* was founded on recent recollection. However this may be, he is right in his assumption that the reference was to the passage which he oddly calls 'a remark,' and which is too long for quotation in full. The article in *The Fortnightly Review* was published before the Reform Bill of 1867 had been passed into an Act. So far, said Mr. Harrison, 'from being the least fit for political influence of all classes in the community, the best part of the working class of the community forms the most fit of all others. If any section of the people is to be the paramount arbiter in public affairs, the only section competent for the duty is the superior order of workmen.' The qualities which fit a man to be an elector are 'social sympathies,' etc. 'These qualities the best working-men possess in a far higher degree than any other portion of the community; indeed, they are almost the only part of the community which possesses them in any perceptible degree. In political fitness the unenfranchised [*i.e.*, the town artisans] are, as a body, immeasurably superior to the enfranchised. In all that makes a man worthy of the suffrage, an average city mechanic stands at one end of the scale and the "cultured" critic and the small shopkeeper at the other. . . . Theirs are the brightest powers of sympathy and the readiest powers of action.'—*The Saturday Review*.

HONORS TO A CANADIAN SCIENTIST.—As a graceful recognition of the welcome which Canada accorded to the British Association on the occasion of its visit two years ago, the Council has taken an early opportunity of installing a representative of Canadian science in the Presidential chair. The present year is a well-chosen time for such a step. Considering the large number of scientific men who happen to be with us just now in connection with the Exhibition at Kensington, it is a matter of congratulation on all sides that our annual provincial gathering, in honor of science should on this occasion be presided over by one of our visitors. In nominating Sir William Dawson to the Presidentship the Council has made a selection with which no one is likely to find fault. His position in the Dominion as head of a great educational centre; his scientific work, extending over a long course of years; and the aid which he rendered to the Association during its Canadian trip, combined to mark him out as the man whom the Association ought to honor. . . . The address which Sir W. Dawson delivered last Wednesday evening is just such a discourse as might have been expected from so versatile a worker and so practised a writer. It was broad, clear, and in the best sense popular. It dealt for the most part with questions that could be understood by those to whom it was addressed; and it would be well if it were always borne in mind by a President that, after all, a large proportion of the members of the British Association are not, and cannot be, specialists.—*The Athenaeum*.

THE OPTIMISM OF OLD AGE.—M. Chevreul, the French centenarian chemist who reached the close of his century of life on Tuesday last, is reported to have expressed on Monday the opinion that 'everything in life tends to optimism,' and that he believes 'that the people will soon become more brotherly and peaceful all over the globe.' . . . So far as the peacefulness and brotherly attitude of nations are concerned, not even during the last great Napoleonic struggle was there anything approaching to the number of men under arms, or the number of costly implements of destruction in Europe, that there are now. The belief that all things tend to optimism can hardly be justified even by the improvement in the physical condition of the French people during the last hundred years, for though it is doubtless improved, nobody would say that it is still rapidly, or even perceptibly, improving. With a debt that grows portentously, with lost provinces to regret, with colonial checks, and a Republic that is always in a panic lest it should be defeated by the Reactionaries, it can hardly be said that the last fifty years of the century have improved even the physical condition of the French people. And as to their moral condition, M. Chevreul must be a man of very marked sympathy with the anarchists if he thinks that French literature and ethics show us any signs of an ideal Republic. The truth is probably that, as a scientific man, he is thinking chiefly of the great strides made in science and the arts, in knowledge and the adaptation of knowledge to human convenience; but of France, of all countries of the world, it is certainly less true than of any other, that advance in knowledge and in conveniences means advance in character and content.—*The Spectator*.

'MY FRIEND JIM.'—Mr. Norris's bright and lively story is perhaps the best he has written. It is very unambitious, containing no very striking type of character, and not depending either on any ingenuity of plot or on exciting incidents. But it is a finished piece of work, both as a novel of character and as a narrative. The two volumes are thin and in large type, and ought to be, as they very pleasantly can be, read at a sitting. The simplicity of style and the gentle humor lead one to guess that Mr. Norris has taken Goldsmith as his model, and if that be so it should be added that he has avoided the dangers of imitation. At all events, he has written gracefully and in good taste, and if at times one wishes for a little more vigor, criticism is disarmed by the author's modesty. The principal character is a heartless and entirely selfish woman of the world, but Mr. Norris refuses even to be so harsh as to bring her to a bad end. Here he is doubtless right, for her picture would hardly have been complete if she had not been perfectly successful.—*The Athenæum*.

CONFIDENCE NOT EGOTISM.—A letter is only half a letter if it catch no echo. It should not represent a slice of one's life, cut off just where the edge happened to come, and presented to the first claimant, as equally suitable to all. It should express the relation between one character and another, the aspect that a friend shows to a friend. The natural tendency of the human mind towards egotism always tends to prevent its being this unless we force ourselves, again and again, to attend to the utterance of another mind. Read over a number of letters before burning them, and you will be surprised to find how much information you have missed. If they be a few years old, you will find that much of it is irrecoverable. You come upon traces of strong feeling, and the facts which explain it are gone. Nothing is more chilling than the perception of this imperfect apprehension of one's own letters. Sydney Smith says that a letter cannot be too egotistic. We venture to demur. A letter cannot be too intimate, it cannot tell us too much of the writer; we have no patience with those scribblers who fill up half their page with apologies for 'taking up our time with their own concerns,' as if, forsooth, we were waiting for their precious opinions on the concerns of the nation. But confidence is not egotism. If you get a letter that leaves your mind full of your friend, be sure that is not an egotistic letter. And be sure you cannot write him such a letter, unless you will take the trouble to read his more than once.—*The Spectator*.

BOUCICAULT'S HINTS TO YOUNG PLAYWRIGHTS.—The dramatist first settles on a good subject. The plot is the treatment of the subject. Thus Sheridan thought of a rich old uncle returning from India with a large fortune, and desirous of sharing it between his nephews. He conceals his name, and introduces himself as a poor suppliant to enable him to interview their characters. Here we have Sir Oliver Surface, Charles, and Joseph. This is the vertebral column of 'The School for Scandal': from it spring Sir Peter and Lady Teazle. They belong to the plot, not to the subject. The other characters are likewise produced by the requirement of the action. It is frequently the case that these collateral characters prove the most prominent, growing into prominence under the poet's hand, as Shylock grew under the hand of Shakspeare, who surely intended Portia and her lover to hold the prominent interest. If the dramatist, before he commences to write, shall carry in his mind the work until it has assumed a shape, and all its parts appear clear from beginning to end, he may feel sure his pen will not mislead or run away with him. Yet the shape should be so vaguely thrown in—as a study in charcoal to the painter—that he is not cribbed and confined within it, but his imagination is free during his production of work to improve or change its details in any way that may not destroy or deform its shape. Indeed, during rehearsal, when the play comes visibly before the dramatist, he may pull his work to pieces and change its attitude as a sculptor remodels his clay figure.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

Notes

MISS EDITH M. THOMAS will publish to-day through Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who issued her first volume of poems, a collection of her prose-essays, entitled 'The Round Year.' Most, if not all, of the twenty-two brief papers to be included in the book have already been read and enjoyed in the magazines, or in THE CRITIC. The same firm will publish at the same time 'Thirteen Weeks of Prayers for the Family,' by Benj. B. Comegys; a Household Edition of 'Parton's Humorous Poetry of

the English Language'; a new edition of Bacon's Dictionary of Boston; and in the Riverside Pocket Series Fawcett's 'Gentleman of Leisure.' Their chief holiday publication, 'The Book of the Tile Club,' will contain twenty-five full-page phototypes of paintings by members of the Club, a sketch of the Club and descriptions of the pictures by Hopkinson Smith, and a cover designed by Stanford White. The text will also be illustrated with many cuts and portraits from pen-and-ink drawings. An *édition de luxe* of one hundred copies will also be issued.

The November number of *Harper's* will conclude its seventy-third volume. It will contain 'The Literary Movement in New York,' by G. P. Lathrop, illustrated with fifteen portraits of eminent New York authors, and a group 'At the Author's Club' (the frontispiece); 'How I Formed my Salon,' by Madame Juliette Adam, with a portrait and three other illustrations; and the concluding instalment of 'Their Pilgrimage,' by Charles Dudley Warner. Mrs. Oliphant is writing a series of articles for next year's *Century*, describing some of the celebrated men and women of Queen Anne's reign; and Mrs. Van Rensselaer will contribute a series of papers on English cathedrals, to be illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell. Gen. Badeau is to write a series of 'War Stories for Boys and Girls' for the coming year of *St. Nicholas*.

—Prof. J. A. Harrison's 'Story of Greece,' in the Story of the Nations Series, is about to be translated into Russian by a native *littérateur* named Plastounoff, of Kieff. The degree of LL.D. has just been conferred upon the author by Randolph-Macon College, Virginia.

—E. M. T. writes that the rose-leal poem of H. H.'s, referred to in one of our recent issues, was printed in *Outing* for October, 1885.

—Inspector Byrnes has written a large volume on the 'Professional Criminals of the United States,' and Cassell & Co. will publish it next month. The work will be embellished with 250 heliotype portraits taken directly from the original photographs in the Rogues' Gallery.

—Count Leon Tolstoi is suffering from a dangerous attack of erysipelas. Mr. J. D. Champlin, Jr., has written a book called 'Chronicles of the Coach,' in which he describes a recent coaching trip through literary England. Messrs. Scribner will publish the book and Mr. Edward L. Chichester will illustrate it.

—Among the announcements of Scribner & Welford are the 'Memoirs of the Life of Wm. Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle,' to which is added 'The True Relation of my Birth, Breeding and Life,' by Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, edited by C. H. Frith; 'The Autobiography of Edward, Lord Herbert of Chisbury,' with a continuation of the Life to the time of his death; Miss Pardoe's 'Louis XIV.,' which has long been out of print; 'Stories of the Magicians,' by Alfred J. Church; and 'The Young Carthaginians' and 'With Wolfe in Canada,' by C. A. Henty, the last two being boys' books.

—'Home Fairies and Heart-Flowers' is the somewhat sentimental title of a book which Mr. Frank French, the engraver, has in press. It consists of a series of portrait heads of twenty exceptionally beautiful children, to each of which Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster has written a poem.

—Macmillan & Co. announce 'Letters and Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle,' by Prof. C. E. Norton; 'Chief Periods of European History,' lectures by Prof. E. A. Freeman; a cheaper edition, in four volumes, of Lanfrey's 'Napoleon I.'; Henry James's 'Casamassima'; 'Sir Percival,' by J. H. Shorthouse; 'A Modern Telemachus,' by Miss C. M. Yonge; and the following illustrated works: 'Greenland,' by Baron Nordenskiöld; 'Days with Sir Roger de Coverley,' with designs by Hugh Thomson; an *édition de luxe* of Irving's 'Old Christmas' and 'Bracebridge Hall,' with Caldecott's designs; and 'Four Winds Farm,' by Mrs. Molesworth, with designs by Walter Crane.

—By cable to the daily papers:—François Coppée is hard at work on a new Oriental drama, the plot of which is laid in the Balkans in the Middle Ages. Paul Bourget, who has been resting in the Vosges, is writing a dramatic novel destined, he hopes, to eclipse his 'Un Crime d'Amour.' Leconte de Lisle is putting the final touches to an address which he is to deliver at his coming reception by the Academy, and is also engaged on a lyric poem, 'La Poloniade.' André Theuriot in his rustic retreat at Annecy is writing a volume of Christmas stories entitled 'Contes pour les Jeunes et pour les Vieux.' Alphonse Daudet, who has been going through a cure at La Malon, is busy with another Parisian story, entitled 'L'Immortelle,' in which he will have much to say about the venerable Academy which may not delight the 'Immortals.'

—Bangs & Co. will sell a valuable collection of autographs and portraits on October 5th and following days. It is that of the late Lewis J. Cist of Cincinnati.

—J. L. Hatton, the popular English composer, is dead at the age of seventy-seven. He was the author of over 150 songs.

Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke has a novel, 'Steadfast,' in the press of Ticknor & Co. —Max O'Rell has written a book called 'Drat the Boys! or, Recollections of an ex-French Master in England.'

—An English version of 'The Buchholz Family,' the volume of sketches of life among the retail trading class of Berlin, has just appeared in London. The book has gone into its fiftieth edition in Germany.

—Among the forthcoming volumes of verse announced by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are 'Holy Tides,' by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney; 'The Cruise of the Mystery, and Other Poems,' by Celia Thaxter; 'Ariel and Caliban,' a new collection by C. P. Cranch; and 'The Silver Bridge, and Other Poems,' by Elizabeth Akers.

—Mr. Frederic Harrison's pamphlet, 'The Choice of Books,' is to be honored by Macmillan & Co. with a large paper edition, limited to 250 copies.

—The readers of *Harper's Magazine* who have followed Mr. Abbey's illustrations to 'She Stoops to Conquer' through the pages of that periodical, will be glad to know that they will be published in book form by Messrs. Harper some time next month. The drawings have been engraved afresh for the book after directions furnished by the artist on his recent visit to New York. Ten of the illustrations have been reproduced by the photogravure process, and printed on fine India paper. The initials and other decorations have been drawn by Alfred Parsons. Austin Dobson has furnished an Introduction to the edition. The work will be bound in calf, with a design on the cover by a friend of Mr. Abbey's.

—Rev. Wm. Kirkus, of Baltimore, will issue immediately, through Thomas Whittaker, a volume entitled 'Religion: a Revelation and a Rule of Life.'

—Mr. Edwin D. Mead will lecture as usual during the coming season, chiefly upon literary and historical subjects, such as 'Puritanism,' 'The Pilgrim Fathers,' 'The British Parliament,' 'Gladstone,' 'Samuel Adams,' 'Carlyle and Emerson,' 'Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," or, The Gospel of Toleration,' 'America in the American Poets,' etc.

—Mr. A. B. Durand, the artist, who died at South Orange, N. J., on the 17th inst., at the age of ninety years, may be said to have been the pioneer of American engravers. He was also a portrait, figure and landscape painter of considerable reputation. He is best known by his engravings of Trumbull's 'Declaration of Independence,' Vanderlyn's 'Ariadne' and the beautiful nude 'Musidora.' Mr. Durand was one of the founders of the National Academy of Design, and with the exception of Mr. Cummings was the last survivor of the original body of members. As a portrait painter he made us familiar with the faces of many eminent persons. His career covered almost the entire cycle of American art, and presents the greatest interest. An account of his life is found in Dunlap's 'Arts of Design in the United States'—a book printed in 1834.

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ANSWERS.

No. 1184.—Many literary men and critics have vainly sought for the authorship of the poem known as 'The Rainbow,' referred to by N. E. D. So I watched with great interest for an answer to the query published in *THE CRITIC*, very lately. A. H. G., writing from Marion, Mass., says that the author was 'Anne W. Maylin, a bright attractive girl of English birth, who settled with her father, mother and two brothers in Woodbury, N. J.' It is desirable to know when Miss Maylin settled in this country, what was her age at that time, and what are the evidences of her authorship. The poem has sometimes been credited to Thomas Campbell, but apparently without just reason. The earliest printing of the poem that I have been able to find is in 'The American First Class Book,' edited by the Rev. John Pierpont, and first published in Boston in 1823. In that book the poem appears in fourteen stanzas, and is credited to *Baldwin's London Magazine*. The last stanza is as follows:

'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,
With the strong and unperishing colors of mind:
A part of my being beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

In the first stanza, the line runs 'On the lap of the year,' and not 'On the lap of the earth,' as 'corrected' by A. H. G. If there is to be any 'Rock me to Sleep' controversy over this beautiful wail, it is well to remember that it was first printed some time previous to 1823, and (probably) in London.

NEWARK, N. J.

N. B.

Publications Received.

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.]

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